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MEMENTOS AND SEA PICTURES

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MEMENTOS AND SEA PICTURES

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER,
AND THE MANY WHO IN FRIENDSHIP WERE
UNITED TO ME,
IS DEDICATED THIS BOOKLET SLIGHT IN MATTER
AS IN PAGE,
BUT LARGE IN THE LOVE WHICH PROMPTED IT

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MEMENTOS AND SEA PICTURES

EDWARD CLARENCE FARNSWORTH

PORTLAND, ME.
SMITH & SALE
1909

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MEMENTOS

DELAYING pen, at once begin
None need the reason ask
Since idleness were wholly sin
When Love appoints thy task.

Commemorate the vanished dead
Whose lives have brightened mine!
Remaineth yet the light they shed;
Their virtues ever shine.

MY FATHER

THY brow of peace bespeaks a soul at rest;
Henceforth thine eyelids hide the world I see,
The world where Duty did begrudge to thee
An easeful hour. Sleep on! thy sleep is blessed.
Sleep on! and never shall the world molest
The quiet of thine ear. Spent is thy speech,
Yet doth thy tongue, unuttering, truly teach!
It hath a wisdom by no words expressed,
A wisdom by Death's heavenly angel left,
A wisdom deeper than the wise can claim;
A wisdom vaster than the sage can name:
A more of counsel than thy lips could frame;
A lesson better than thy life could be
Who now art deathless in eternity.

TO MY MOTHER

IF I a funeral wreath should bring,
  It fadeth soon and, flung away,
Upon the heap 'tis mouldering,
  A relic mean of yesterday.

A relic mean and nothing more!
  Should ever memory alter so,
Then is thy likeness, loved before,
  But outline of a vanished glow.

And if I plant, as fitting thee,
  A chosen flower, my constant care,
The blighting season soon must be
  Wherein no seeker finds it there.

Not all the breezes of the past
  Can waft to me its rich perfume,
The prime of sweetness, and the last
  Faint odor of its dying bloom.

Could I extol, in happy verse,
  Thy various virtues, some exclaim,
"Why to the crowd these things rehearse?
  What care they should you praise or blame?"

Enough to tell how dear thine own,
  Their every good was thy concern.
The wife and mother well are shown
  When service seeketh no return.

JOHN L. SHAW

BASSO profundo! whence thy noble song?
Did tempests teach thee when the winds awoke?
Learned thou from Ocean while his billows broke?
Was Heaven thy tutor as both deep and long
Her thunders echoed? Did the floods that throng
Adown the rough ravines, or sheerly fall
In foaming basin, 'neath the cliff's high wall,
Impart their music fetterless and strong?

Dead Singer! all thy tuneful years attest
The artist in thee, bringing forth thy best.
He bade thee up the bold Handelian steep,
And every mountain where the muse is found:
He made thy mind the trivial o'erleap;
Thy feet to shun the touch of lowly ground.

HARRY M. NICKERSON [1]

PHYSICIAN of the body and the heart;
The ministrations of thy hand and voice
Are more than memories to us. We rejoice
In these thy sweet survivors. In our Art
Wast thou co-worker filling noble part.
Melodious singer, whom the heavenly Muse
For her high purpose did divinely use;
Thy soul's outpouring, like the tears that start
When Joy has bidden, or when Grief compels,
Was Nature's vent. We miss thy sprightly wit;
Thy wisdom miss when we in council sit;
The sunlight in thee lending Earth its ray,
Thy gracious presence dear to those alway
Who fain would enter where thy spirit dwells.

---

[1] Written for Kotzschmar Club Memorial Meeting, February 23, 1906.

ON RECEIVING FLOWERS IN MEMORY OF H. M. N.

IF my devoted thought can soar afar,
If love attaineth to thy land unknown
Whereon the moon looks not, or any star;
This hour of memory is indeed thine own.
These flowers with open hearts of love, alone
Are token fit of what was wholly thee.
Sweet-breathing blossoms! ere your breath has flown,
For this brief night a living symbol be!
Bring back the comrade times; the old felicity!

WILLIAM H. STOCKBRIDGE

AMIDST the climax, the inspiring swell
Of thy clear tenor sweet and strong,
At once the stilling of life's noble song:
Farewell! Farewell! A last farewell!

Life's noble song! In mind shall matchless dwell
The silvery prelude, and the theme
All rich in beauty as a golden dream:
Farewell! Farewell! A last farewell!

A golden dream! It was as if befell
Our rude awaking as we knew
Some brightness better than the daily view:
Farewell! Farewell! A last farewell!

His gradual fading doth man's end foretell;
The watcher knows that grief must be,
But ah, the shock of instant tragedy!
Farewell! Farewell! A last farewell!

Dead! Dead! Not thou, but this poor, broken shell
Whereon with blanching cheeks we gaze.
O God! inscrutable to us thy ways!
Farewell! Farewell! A last farewell!

Fallen in thy prime! The sad, untimely bell,
Counting with measured stroke thy years,
Knelleth its sorrow to the mourner's ears:
"Farewell! Farewell! A last farewell!"

THOMAS HILL, D.D. LL.D.

WHO sets determined foot upon the hills
May yet the midmost peak of knowledge win;
But Wisdom the beloved, the desired,
In starry regions dwelleth far. In vales
Deep-cloven, or on chiefest heights, behold,
The simple and receptive heart she fills
With her mild glory. Ah, the gentle beam
Shunning the pedant, empty as his pride,
The knowing who do think they compass all!
Dear unto Wisdom is the humble sage,
Her vessel large, the spokesman of her choice,
Whose discourse doth the overready shame.
Restrained his tongue, considered well his speech,
Weighty his words, a witness to that truth
Which Wisdom grants unto our earthly state.
He joyeth not in scoffers; as for him,
Reverent he kneeleth in the presence dark
Of Mystery beyond our human light.
Such was the faith unquestioning of one
Whose look was wide as is the world of men.
He called the stars by name; aloft he read
The motions varied of those planets bright
By old Chaldæa charted in her day;
And all was law, that grand harmonious law
Whereof Pythagoras before had dreamed.
Below his feet, far, far below, he knew
The strata by slow ages long up-piled,
Walling the molten substance of the globe.
The student larger, deeper than his books,
He sought beneath the letter of the print.
He searched the source of books, the symbols searched,
The glyphs of Nature on her stony page.
In varied fields a busy toiler, he
The summer scythe, the autumn sickle plied.

Of every season's ripest garnering well,
For other than himself, a wider use,
He filled the ample granary of his mind.
Philosopher and scientist and sage,
The doer and the expounder of the Word,
These times lament his passing. Heaven has called
The worthy to his lasting, full reward.

WILLIAM H. DENNETT

WHEN gracious grown, the tuneful Muse
  Imparts her secret high,
She will a single suppliant choose,
  And pass the many by.

Her choice, which Wisdom justified,
  On thee right early fell.
That choice, by Envy undenied,
  The World applauded well:

The World that often on pretense
  Will cast approving eyes,
And in the worthy find offense;
  But now the World was wise.

A thousand voices, taught of thee,
  Art's lofty secret share:
His ample triumph let them be
  Whose fame they onward bear.

A memory haunts their every tone;
  The past hath sweet recall:
That past, endowered by thee alone,
  Preserves thy bounties all.

HERMANN KOTZSCHMAR.[1]

NERVELESS are the master's fingers, and his harp is evermore
Silent as the songs of yester, silent as the songs of yore.
Dumb are all the heights of rapture, dumb are all the deeps of pain
For the heart that was their music, lieth reft of every strain.

Cheerless now the woodland matin when the vocal morn aspires;
Cheerless now the noontime concord of the unspent forest choirs;
Cheerless now the hour or even, for to Fancy doth appear
Shadowy hands upon the harp-strings making mockery of cheer.

When the weary wings are folded in the green of nesting tree,
And the honey-cups are bending where in meadow hummed the bee,
And the winds, all sunk to sighing, grieve the melancholy Muse,
She doth sing another sorrow, unto him no tear refuse.

Once the twilight west was golden; now it lowers a dreary grey;
Lingered there a beauteous planet; clouds obscure the parting ray.
Vanish star for he has vanished! he whose latest beam was bright;
Henceforth some new orbit claims him sweeping never through our night.

---

[1] Read at Kotzschmar Memorial Meeting, October 22, 1908.

Like a broad and peaceful river, widening from its fountain-head,
He has found the shoreless waters whereunto life's course is led;
Mingling with the ocean currents, by the billows borne along,
He has learned the larger rhythm; he has learned the deeper song.

Stilly harp, the master's treasure! as of old a moment sing
Lest our heavy-burdened sorrow lower droop on hopeless wing!
Harp forsaken! at thy waking thankful hearts have throbbed with thee;
Grave or gladsome, bold or gentle, faultless was thy harmony.

Never midst the war-drum's clatter came from thee an angry note
Bidding swell the fierce, harsh thunder leaping from War's iron throat;
Men were sordid; eyes looked downward; Peace was feeble; strong was Strife;
But, o'er discord and o'er wrangling, calm uprose thy lifting life.

Poor, mute relic of the master! harps more noble grandly wake!
From on high angelic echo in my midnight ear they make;
Soulless thing! a soul informed thee till it seemed indeed thine own!
Lowly harp! that soul bereaves thee, — to a harp immortal flown.

All above the airy region throbs the gold of angel strings,
And in art's supremest measures, how a joy symphonic rings!

Aye, the interblending glories of the theme on-roll afar
Even to the roof of morning, and the midnight's every star!

Master! sound that theme undying when, as evening flowers which fold,
Sleeps the body of me weary, and the spirit, waxing bold,
Scales the heights of dream and seeth not as when before I saw,
For a halo light is o'er thee, and my joy is mixed with awe.

Oft, midst thine immortal music, may some unforgotten note,
Mingling with the newest rapture, downward to my waking float!
Let the olden I remember, mind me of companioned days!
Let the heavenly turn my seeing yonder to ethereal ways!

Master of the art celestial! could my language weave a crown,
Here would flower a fadeless tribute worthy all thy sweet renown.
Here, entwining into beauty, words would bud a perfect rhyme;
Couplets, blossoming to stanzas, shame the laurel of thy prime.

When the fickle, always choosing, make of smaller men their choice;
When the witless ill have chosen, and their empty praise they voice;
When the petty soon forget thee as they seek some worldly end,
Thou shalt be our unforgotten master, counsellor, and friend.

THE MUSICIAN'S BURIAL.[1]

BENEATH this ancient, sheltering roof 'tis well
  That while these walls endure thine ashes rest.
From temple here did living themes upswell
  As, every pipe according with thy best,
Thou madest of each measure till it grew
  Heaven's high revealer to the lifted heart.
When Sabbath songs their reverent notes renew,
  And choir and organ join in sacred art,
May not thyself, immortal, hark though cold
  The mortal lieth dumb and void of ear?
When some reminder of the storied old
  Is borne from yonder, all the past is here;
The festal triumph, and the stately praise,
The moments high which crowned thine earthly days.

---

[1] Hermann Kotzschmar's ashes have been deposited in the walls of the old First Parish Church.

GEORGE A. THOMAS

LIFE 'S serious hours are overwrought;
With set, determined face
We struggle, by unwisdom taught,
To win the topmost place.

Come, let us, with a purpose sane,
Abate the steady stare
Ignoring all the cheerful plain
Below the summit bare!

And let us loose the muscles tense,
Relax the brows bent down!
Not all of worth and consequence
Doth savour of a frown.

Old friend! through thee I understood
To blend the grave and gay
Which make of life a rounded good,
The night, and then the day.

Considerate host whose ready wit
Was never barbed with pain!
Our laughter hailed the harmless hit,
Thy song we begged again.

Life's buoyant wine was thy good choice
All sparkling at the brim:
Who scorneth lightly to rejoice,
The heavy draught for him.

Thy liberal hand did never prize
That men around should know:
Thy charity did fame despise,
The public praise forego.

How oft, beneath the mask of mirth,
I saw the man that knew
Those deeper things which stay the earth,
Yet shun the shallow view!

How oft in thee have I beheld
A heart fraternal, sweet!
If such in every bosom swelled,
The world, well nigh complete,

Would overwhelm the selfish bars
Which separate the race;
Would grow, 'neath Heaven's fairest stars,
A fair and heavenly place.

These are the memories O friend!
That gather to my theme
As now a happy hour I spend,
Companioned by a dream

All shapen to resemble thee,
And honored by the years
That set the silver crown I see
Which on thy head appears.

TO ——

WE laud our dead; their praises are the story
For ours, and for our children's children writ
Where comes in after time a grandsire hoary
To muse, and by the solemn marble sit.

And there, his friendships and his loves reviving,
He finds not one, but many names of yore;
Names half forgotten through the years arriving
In busy sequence, years that are no more.

So I, in melancholy moments musing
On some memorial set within the mind,
Read others which the onward life, refusing,
Has left neglected in the gloom behind.

O'ershadowed ones, the theme of this my singing
As now the light within me burns on you!
O may it warm the measures I am bringing
That ere this hour have sounded for the few!

Ye gathered dead, no separate praises claiming!
I group you here in one collective song
Wherein no friendship hath a special naming
Since all, as equals, to my past belong.

MY MOTHER'S RING

A CIRCLET plain of polished gold
Is on my mother's finger set:
Her days decrease, her years are told,
But ah, it throws a brightness yet!

A simple child, I made my toy
The ring and finger seeming one;
And when the child had grown the boy,
The mother's hand was o'er her son.

A man mature, if I but see
The shewy band which Pride displays,
I turn, at once a wish in me
That on another I might gaze.

It beams the light of long ago;
The light of love and tender trust
Which lends the heart its warmest glow,
And liveth when the heart is dust.

The hand which placed that symbol dear,
Has vanished; in the grave it lies;
Yet mother, he you mourn is near,
And soon you look with angel eyes.

When sinks the earthy to the earth,
This token in the tomb shall last;
But love ascends to higher birth
Untainted by the mortal past.

FAIR PORTLAND

ISLAND-GIRDING seas have severed, almost from the larger shore,
Thee O city, seaward looking on thine isles forevermore.

Isles of green and fadeless growing, isles of beach and rough sea-wall,
Reefy isles that wake of waters, wrath and foam and thunder-fall.

To thy feet the floods do gather; on their laden breasts they bear
Wealth the rounded world has given, wealth of use that thine shall share.

Down the tides, to ocean turning, flit, more white than sea-bird's wing,
Sail of merchant and of fisher; to her distant harboring

Plows in billowy course the liner; o'er her wake of lengthening foam
Traileth far a sooty pennant slow-uplifting to the dome.

Traveller! did the quest of beauty lead thy feet from strand to strand?
Here, upon this eastern vantage, let thy glance forsake the land!

Sun and cloud and hues of heaven, tint the sky-reflecting deep
On whose bosom, lightly troubled, bowery knots of verdure sleep

As through ages old they slumbered ere, from Europe's teeming hive,
Hither swarmed the honey-seekers on our western bloom to thrive.

Let thy thought, a pleasure boat, be dancing down the summer miles;
Let it loiter with the current; let it idle midst the isles.

Ever here what spell of romance might the mood of Fancy weave
Round the venturous days of Levett, and of Tucker and of Cleeve!

Once the forest where the savage winged the arrow barbed and true;
At his paddle-stroke was leaping o'er the bay his light canoe.

Then the cabin and the clearing; then the prosperous days did dawn.
Welcome, hardy hamlet-builders! old New England's English born!

See! the signal red is hoisted! Hark! that roar with omen fraught!
Shotted guns of Mowatt! know ye what your shoreward rage has wrought?

Many a crest and many a hollow ere Monhegan rears her head,
She who saw the Sabbath sea-fight, and the rival captains dead.

Traveller! from this floor of Bramhall let thine eyes contain the scene,
Blue of mountains misty, fading; nearer hills and nearest green

Sloping from the wooded highlands to the Basin's
level calm,
And to where the tidal river bends her mead-
entwining arm.

From yon ancient mansion shaded, to the marshes
falls the field;
There they fought who saved the village; there the
gathered tribes did yield.

Bygone are those times of terror. Ruling from her
mountain seat
Peace doth seaward bend her sceptre, and her during
years are sweet.

She hath bid the bristling navies find some coast
where war is rife,
There to rave in mutual thunder, "Blood for blood,
and life for life!"

Every shore defense is silent, knowing not of menace
save
On its rocky base unshaken, breaketh oft the charging
wave.

When the sun is highest wheeling, and from out the
torrid south
Blows a fever breath of burning, and the land is sere
with drouth,

Leave the counter, desk and study! Reason bids
you come away;
Quit the farm, the forge, the factory! Toil hath
need of holiday.

Here the playground of the Nation, urban and
suburban shade;
Welcome! welcome! wave the branches to the rest
their leaves have made.

Here the harbor breeze is freshening, from mid-ocean keep released
Further than the morn's red rising in the water-rimming east.

Ye who house in these proud dwellings, walk these shaded ways and wide;
Look on lofty roofs and steeples, and on all our civic pride;

Children to this birthright chosen; sons in all that men should be!
Daughters worthy of your portion; women gracious, fair to see!

Know ye that of Nature's giving, and the vast of Art's outlay,
Never grew a goodly city famous, honored, loved alway,

Though her masoned stone has crumbled, and her massive towers are dust,
And her beams and rafters eaten, and her iron stays are rust.

Wither oak and elm and maple! To your roots ye groves decay!
Vanish beech and pine and fir-tree from the green that gems the bay!

Let not on these shores a beacon guide the haven-choosing bark!
Let no light save God's own kindling, cheer the lone, untravelled dark!

Hide in hepen mould forever O thou dear, historic town!
But the great who claimed thee mother, these insure thy name's renown.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE EASTERN CEMETERY

UPON this calm from yonder sky
What peaceful suns have poured their light!
What silent moons new-orbed and high,
That made these stones a spectral white!

The driven hail, the quiet rain,
The south wind mild, the norther chill,
Bringers of mortal joy and pain,
Are futile here for good or ill.

The morning darts across the deeps,
And, burning hither, dries the field
Dank with the dew which Evening weeps,
But brimming eyes are wholly sealed,

And hands that decked the sod are cold.
Each wreathed remembrance of the dead
Is mingled with the turfy mould
That by the crumbled heart is fed.

The lofty pine that once did tower,
Long lieth low; it makes no moan;
And utmost grief has met the hour
Which laid the mourner by his own.

Reclothed as never earthly tree,
Perchance they muse upon the past,
"Deep-hid by walling flesh were we,
Nor knew each other to the last!"

Nearby the children join in play,
And one sweet bird has raised his voice:
Ah, these an impulse but obey
Which bids them with the World rejoice!

The World that doth her loss repair
  For life has all-abundant store;
The babe is born; the breath is there;
  The World is mother as before:

The World that wears prophetic face;
  The World that bears without complain;
Whose travail ever yields the race
  A larger and a better gain.

The jostle of the walk goes on,
  And Haste will elbow through the crowd;
But when the rage of life is gone
  His room doth narrow to a shroud.

The hum of traffic fills the ways,
  And neighings keen the echoes stir;
Swift courseth through his iron maze
  The steed untouched by whip or spur.

The trample of the street comes oft;
  The jar and rattle of the pave;
Yet rare the foot that falleth soft
  Where every turf is but the grave

Of fortune and historic fame,
  Of poverty and unrenown:
Once to this common humbling came
  The pride and glory of the town:

The olden town whose little bound
  Has widened up the westward rise
Until, the very summit found,
  It stands revealed to distant eyes.

The hopeful brain that yet had dreamed
  No city spreading far away;
The visioning orbs that never beamed
  Upon a future like to-day,

Long since are dust. The richest green
  Must wither in the winter's breath,
But where the stately stalks have been,
  The spring is nourished by their death.

The lives whereof these records tell,
  On slate and marble carven quaint,
Are giving ever, giving well
  That in no high concern we faint.

Let no unfeeling time presume
  To lift the dead from out their place!
The petty need that craves their room
  Should stay ere yet the deed's disgrace.

PORTLAND HEAD LIGHT

ON the surf-beaten cliff, in the path of the gale,
Lone and silent, unyielding and brave,
Stands the lighthouse all white as the new-woven sail,
Or the foam of the rock-shattered wave.

On the channel it looks, and each dangerous way,
In the night and at noon it looks down;
And it sees the green islands, the pride of the bay,
And the bold, eastern front of the town.

It doth gaze on a coast that is bulwarked with stone,
And on walls whence the loud thunders leap;
Well it knows its far fellow wave-girdled, alone
In the grasp of the floods as they sweep.

To the north is upclimbing the old Falmouth shore
Till the hill-tops have blent with the sky.
Westward there, looms the tower that across the sea-floor
Can behold the bright blaze of its eye.

From its foot to the sunrise the waters are bare,
Not an isle, not an islet between;
And the ships of the world on swift errands will fare
By the lamp that their safety has been.

O the dreary Atlantic! the darkness how drear!
All the clouds hang their curtains to-night.
Not a star say you voyager? Look, yonder our cheer!
'Tis the beacon outstreaming its light.

Now the winds waken hoarse; on the billowy swell
We are tossed, but our way has no turn.
In the burst of the storm we have faith it is well
For the star of our passage doth burn.

Sleepless one! every bark her good pilot has found
When she lifts from afar to thy beam;
And thy face, it will favor the sailor outbound
Till he sinks to the great ocean stream.

IN DEERING PARK

THESE stable trunks, by man untrained,
Are Nature's triumph; 'neath her hands
The sapling from the seed attained,
And now her pride majestic stands.

The Spring, obedient, owns her queen
As in unnumbered years before;
Again she quickens into green
The roof above this grassy floor.

The heated toiler in the sun,
The weary from the ways around,
The striver till the day is done,
Here find, as such before have found,

Sweet Nature's ministration mild:
In calm and soothing solitude
She bendeth o'er each world-worn child,
A mother to her mortal brood.

From bough to bough, from tree to tree,
Aloft the squirrel nimbly leaps;
He eyes the stranger curiously
And, half in fear, at distance keeps;

Or, coaxed full often with a crumb
To take from one that means no harm,
He will from his high safety come
A-tremble at the least alarm.

How happy now the children play
The sailor in yon little lake!
How soon they meet the rougher way
In that long voyaging all must make!

Ah, we would catch their childish view
  Had Time not robbed us of the power!
We would our childhood here renew
  Could Time be cheated of an hour!

When gusty Autumn sweeps, at last
  The kingly oak his crown must yield;
In fragments given to the blast,
  It scatters to the road and field.

Come pattering down his meaty shells
  To feed the creatures of the grove;
Soon every secret storehouse swells
  Where none may spy a treasure-trove.

The Winter, early in his reign,
  A merry carnival prepares;
He bids us here, and oft again
  Recalls us from a thousand cares.

The skater on the pond will glide
  Through many a feat of skill and grace,
Or straight across the level slide,
  Or struggle in the doubtful race.

Of what the varied seasons bring,
  This park indeed hath ample share;
But of my one, poor offering
  I give no portion otherwhere.

Historic shades, enduring on
  As generations rise and fall;
A destined boon to those unborn,
  A present blessing unto all!

With deeper root grasp well the mould!
  With firmer trunk oppose the blast!
Age not through years that make me old,
  And sink in earth my frame at last!

PORTLAND OBSERVATORY

A HUNDRED years! what change appears as one by one they go!
With hopes and fears mankind uprears what Time shall overthrow.

Tall dost thou stand, the sea, the land, wide-viewing from this hill
While Time's command and certain hand toward thee delay their will.

At length thy fate; meanwhile relate what most upon thee grew
When thou, sedate, in lofty state didst scan the circling view!

"Who set me here have found their bier; for all who saw me rise
Has dropped the tear; they draw not near, nor lift their morning eyes.

"In life's mad chase thy changeful race has half forgotten me;
Below my base how changed each place down to the very sea!

"The hills remain, and every plain is fruitful as of yore:
The rivers drain the unfailing rain upon the ocean floor.

"But let me tell of what befell, in memory holden fast;
My words would dwell on deeds that swell the annals of the past.

"Ere Preble fought the nations thought to bribe the Moorish thief;
But fearing naught, our sailor wrought the merchantman's relief.

"Not his to die where missiles fly, and broadsides rend the foe;
But where the sigh and wept good-bye reveal the debt we owe.

"How black the pall! and, crowning all, I see his gleaming brand:
When whizzed the ball it waved a call to his courageous band.

"Engraven fair, in park or square no one his glory reads:
The days are bare that build not there memorial of his deeds.

"Barring the bay, once yonder lay the watchful British fleet:
Who fares that way those beasts of prey would make their morsel sweet.

"Yet, midst alarms one prospect calms; down by the eastern wet
None fold their arms, but willing palms the cannon seaward set.

"Rejoiced I saw each prize of war drop anchor in our port.
The Lion's paw! the Eagle's claw! ah, which shall end the sport?

"Beyond Seguin a thunder din doth many an echo raise;
I see begin the fight we win amidst the battle haze.

"With half-hushed drum the captain's come from that
far, watery field;
Their lips are numb, their voices dumb; not any power
they wield.

"A mournful strain! the funeral train winds through
the roadways brown
With hearts of pain the goal to gain, and lay the heroes
down.

"Quenched is their fire; death draws them nigher;
though wars the world divide,
With soldier ire no more aspire the sleepers side by
side.

"I waved adieu as seaward drew the 'Dash,' our
fighter she:
Complete her crew, strong men and true, their end is
mystery.

"They sink? They drift? Through doubt's one rift
would Hope pour all her beams
Could I but shift the flag I lift to one that for them
streams.

"At the west gate the people wait the modest, brave
Monroe;
The nation's great, her magistrate; may blessings on
him flow!

"Let Europe store and ponder o'er and to his words
agree,
'Who ruled before should vex no more the southern
nations free!'

"Each crying ill long, long grown still, we welcome as
our own,
With joyful thrill and hearty will, the heir to England's
throne.

"Farewell! Godspeed! thou prince indeed, beloved from this hour!
Proud Albert's seed proves not a weed, but shows a royal flower.

"Ah, when shall ring, 'Long live the King!' this friendship grows a good,
A priceless thing, a power to bring the reign of brotherhood.

"I saw that one, of France the son, world-honored Lafayette;
His wars all done, his rest begun, methinks I see him yet.

"The kindly face where not a trace of pride and self are read;
The courtly grace, the martial pace that tells the warrior bred.

"Ah friend! this earth laments the dearth of partiots like to thee!
How rare the birth of blameless worth, thou loved of Liberty!

"Black year of woes when hate arose, and strife 'twixt brothers born!
The discord grows, the clamor blows on winds of night and morn.

"The chargers stamp, the soldiers tramp through all the streets below;
At light of lamp in tented camp a thousand stars do glow.

"War perils cease; Hail, gentle Peace! we mark, as patriots may,
The slave's release and wrong's decrease this Independence Day.

"What means that shroud of smoky cloud, that wall
of driving flame,
The frenzied crowd, the tumult loud as if from Hell it
came?

"Glooms not the night; yon lurid light has driven
back the dark:
Alas, the plight when homes are bright with many a
soaring spark!

"The threading green, and all between, lies bare at
morn; O fate!
Fair seaside queen, in garments mean must thou lament
thy state?

"No! No! Th' abased whom men had placed, and
Nature wholly blessed,
From yonder waste doth rise with haste in costlier
raiment dressed.

"No miser lust was in the just, nor did his giving fail;
England, entrust his honored dust unto thy worthiest
sail!

"She on the tide doth stately ride, and now our Casco,
deep,
Has opened wide her isly pride far as the western
steep.

"The morrow clears; the sunrise cheers the white and
wintery shore;
The 'Monarch' steers; the harbour hears the cannon's
measured roar.

"O favored town! it is thy crown that this to thee
was brought!
Did Envy frown on thy renown, that boon which others
sought?

"Long I could name the deeds which came since then
within my range;
Bright deeds of fame, dark deeds of blame, and many
a doing strange.

"The old behind and, half defined the new, our city's
prime,
The eye is blind that sees outlined no larger, better
time.

"Through every door though Fortune pour a flood of
golden gain,
No good ignore! but city, soar! to lasting things
attain!

"Here let me stay my lengthened say; grown garrulous
with age
Will speech betray the mind's decay, and leave no
lesson sage.

"From this hill plot, this vantage spot, silent the sea
I'd scan
That changes not when years have wrought a mortal
change in man."

THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE

THE fires of morning fill these narrow panes,
These ancient rooms are flooded with the day;
But, noon or night, a glory here remains
Which fell not earthward on the sunny ray:
And yet from heaven the soul did downward stray,
The little child that to this mansion came;
When duty bade the man to wider way,
He left these walls the lustre of a name
Henceforth to brighten on through many a list
of fame.

The prized memorials of the younger years,
The forming years ere yet himself he knew,
And each belonging which some deed endears,
Here mind us ever of an honor due.
As here to poet heritage he grew,
So here returning, in his after prime,
He did the record of his youth review,
And shape it, deathless, into glowing rhyme;
Therefore it liveth on to charm the latest time.

The hour of musing and sweet, waking dream
Which prompts the graceful and melodious line;
The hour exalted when the bard must seem
But merest mouthpiece of the song divine;
The hour, half sorrow, when the tear doth shine
Sun-kissed in falling; and the buoyant hour
Of fancy, sparkling as the beaded wine;
These all, forevermore the people's dower,
Here came to welcome fruit, or else to cherished
flower.

The traveller from some land of fair renown
Will enter reverent, as through temple door,

His one absorbing interest in the town
Imagined ere he crossed the ocean floor.
A memory, carried to his native shore,
No home historic ever shall make dim.
That which the daily passer will ignore
As if an honor paid were empty whim,
Is worth the circling voyage of this round world
to him.

ON CASCO BAY

'TIS evening and the bay is dimpled sweet;
A moonbeam sparkles on each tiny wave;
The dying wind deserts the listless sheet;
Becalmed we linger void of motion save

A measured heaving on the breast subdued
Of slumbrous Casco. Idle is the oar
For, wholly yielding to the night's mild mood,
I keep me absent from the dimmy shore.

Steam by, ye mighty ships of burden deep!
Bear all your merchant wares to busy mart!
The living bear; and let these waters sleep,
From churning screw and foamy wheel apart!

Away! Away! you little, laggard cloud!
Dull not the smallest star that gilds the sea!
Nor yet the point of yonder crescent shroud;
In sharpest outline let it shine for me!

The swaying lanterns in the cordage show;
The city pours her constellated light;
The island cotter makes his pane to glow
A cheery beacon piercing far the night.

Dumbly the steady tide doth bear us by
A quiet beach that woos the ripply swell;
Then on we ride till jutting reefs are nigh,
Or darkling groves where shades at noonday dwell.

Almost the tropic palm is seen to stand
A moment on the summer isles around;
I vision, as it were, a southern strand
In realms uncharted that my voyage has found.

Let now some white nereid's melting voice
A faintest echo in the caves awake;
Some harp of faery, seeming far, rejoice;
Its dainty measures on my musing break!

Or, deep within me, let the silence sound
A music that mine ears have never caught;
Or let my finer senses know around
The world invisible that night has brought!

Ye gathered floods, from distant seas drawn forth,
Obeying yonder moon's mysterious power!
In your wide-sweeping have ye found a birth
Of beauty even such as rules this hour?

In future driftings let my choosing eye
Delight, O Casco, in thy chosen face
Fair in its framing fair, the hill tops high,
And all the girding shores that far I trace.

FORT PREBLE

UPON these walls the dove may rest,
  Nor rude affrighting know
Until the loud-saluted west
  A final beam shall throw.

In this defense the warrior bides
  The bold and stirring day
When, on the foe that hither rides,
  His vengeance works its way.

Behind these mounds of hepen sand,
  These grassy slopes of green,
The gunner, taking then his stand,
  Prepares the bolt unseen.

Then, sudden, from the parapet,
  A mighty-sounding roar:
On-rolling far, no empty threat,
  It shakes the distant shore,

And Scammel echoes from her stone,
  And Levitt wakes reply;
McKinley booms an undertone,
  And Williams' missiles fly.

But O that grateful peace might be
  While these firm walls endure!
That peace which makes a people free,
  And keeps their honor pure.

If else, O Preble! stern as one
  Whose name yet honors you,
Yield, freely yield from every gun,
  The only tribute due!

BLACKSTRAP MONUMENT

THE sailor to our port returning
Will scan the dear, familiar shore;
His eye, the olden scenes discerning,
Will all the wooded hills explore.

Not there the lofty landmark finding,
He knows the tower indeed is low;
A ruin nevermore reminding
Of voyages since the long ago.

The looker down on lake and river,
The sentry over sea and land,
The lonely and the silent ever,
Has fallen faithful at his stand.

Above his wreck the wild winds, rushing,
Sound requiem through the winter night;
And when the summer eve is hushing,
Will stars illume the empty height.

How often in the day, forgetting,
I turn me toward the former view!
Then, sudden, comes a keen regretting
For none can build the past anew.

LOVEITT'S HEIGHTS

CASCO BAY

SUMMER, woo this breezy height
  Throned above the silent deep!
City, hidden half from sight,
  Silent in the distance sleep!

From thine airy solitude,
  Bird of snowy pinions brave,
Seeking in the flood thy food,
  Settle on the curling wave!

Ship with weather-beaten sail,
  Anchor in the harbor road!
Ship whose going hence we hail,
  Whither! Whither! with thy load?

Tides in never-wearied sweep,
  Delve these caverned rocks that stand!
Loosened from your ocean keep,
  Foam and wrinkle on the sand!

Sun that spreads a dazzling sheen
  To the current's farthest flow;
Canst thou find a fairer green
  Than these nearer islands show?

Bell by every ripple rung,
  Sound a sorrow-bearing note!
Soft unto the sea-winds flung,
  May thy burden hither float!

Soon the lofty lamps, alight,
  Lend the world their guidance blest;
Yonder towers, foretell the night
  Ere the fading of the west!

Evening, tint the coasts afar,
  In the dark to finish soon!
Touch the waters with thy star,
  And the new-arisen moon!

Sea-born fires of night and day,
  Peaceful splendors, each in turn,
Cheer our dwelling by the bay!
  Brighten all our brief sojourn!

IN LONGFELLOW SQUARE

THE rest that cometh after earnest days,
The home, the armchair by the fireside,
And that calm retrospect, at eventide,
Which leads the poet into all the ways
Of his long, blameless living; and the gaze,
Unwavering, on the peaceful end descried:
These all hath art so faithfully implied
We praise the sculptor when the bard we praise.

Who walked our streets of old have seen him there;
His face refined, his white, abundant hair.
His likeness, seated on the granite stone,
Makes eloquent this dedicated square:
His living verse has won in hearts a throne;
The earth is wide, and hearts are everywhere.

IN MONUMENT SQUARE

THE wreath of victory befits her brow;
An olive branch she graciously is giving;
No fury kindles in her eye as now
The goddess looks upon our peaceful living.
The sword she wielded in her hand is holden;
The sword whose deed was never yet outdone;
The sword half draped, that mourns the dead of olden
Who shared her glory in the battle won.

That Liberty invulnerable may be
She hath her proven shield not quite discarded;
Its round, uplifted, once the foe did see;
Its front, defensive, then the world regarded.
Soldiers and seamen, grouped in bronze forever,
Below her feet their warrior weapons rest,
And all the tokens of that grand endeavor
Whereby we profit at our God's behest.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ALOFT, within the blue abyss, I see
The gathered splendor of the night's array;
A differing glory. Mighty orbs there be,
And many glimmering faint and far away;
And some whose flash is but the meteor's play,
Devoid of purpose and of durance void;
And one whose gentle planet-beams obey
Love's finger earthward pointed. Heaven-employed,
That light at even falls, and every eye is joyed,

And every breast. So doth thy star appear;
No giant king of some wide-circling throng
Commanded even to the outmost sphere.
Thou holdest by the music of a song
No pæan thunder-tongued, no anthem strong,
As was the chorus of the orby choir.
Ah, unto thee Love's gentlest spells belong!
The moon will never of her nearness tire,
And thine not distant keep as from the sun's fierce fire.

No shaper of the long, Swinburnian line
Rhythmic of ocean ere the storms abate,
Thine art was not to daintily refine,
That single blemish of the Laureate.
Though all unburdened by such wisdom's weight
As laden Browning gave a thankful world,
Thy soul to soul found not the times ingrate.
Whitman's bold chant, a tameless torrent hurled,
Would ill befit the vale where soft thy waters purled.

O why lament the fancied loss of youth?
Thy childlike spirit fills the children's hour.
Thy years, a psalm of life, unto the truth
Have striven, sung: the rainy day did lower,
And early came the reaper for thy flower.
Footsteps of angels! Voices of the night!
These were thy recompense, a heavenly dower,
And, poet-fashioned ere the mood took flight,
The sorrow-sobered joy became the world's delight.

Thou biddest and, beside the northern strand,
A village nestles, and a forest springs.
How sweetly full of that Acadian land
A mournful idyl to my musing sings!
Again thou biddest and the west wind brings,
From native source of legendary lore,
The hunter's deeds, the bard's imaginings,
The tribal life of those who are no more.
Their hearts were human all; yes, human to the core.

Eastward, before Atlantic meets the main,
In mother land of poets I behold
The peasant dwelling of the Scottish swain
Whose song, untutored, leaves no bosom cold.
And lo, beside the Avon sleeps the mould
Of him whose words are with us, England's son,
Her chiefest honor; yet within the fold
Of her beloved she would count thee one,
And shepherd well thy fame until her days are done.

WALT WHITMAN

FROM heart of thee those giant themes had birth
That, towering, dwarf the prettiness of rhyme;
They probe and question all this modern time;
Mighty their tread around the teeming earth
Where small its circle and where wide its girth.
In world arenas, midst the smoke and grime,
They spouse the humble, or the cause sublime;
They chant of common things the inner worth
Till naught is common from the Maker's hand.
High virtue ebbs not, neither is there dearth
Of deeds and heroes. None can name the land
Where love lies withered, and her impulse pure
Dies at the root. Therefore O themes, endure
That ears may hearken, hearts may understand!

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

EMBODIED, just rebuke of deeds
  Whereon is reared the tyrant's throne!
Thy words, broadcast, are vital seeds,
  In every land a harvest sown.

To thee foreknowledge sweet was given
  That not a single seed should die
While drop the dews, and winds of heaven
  Drive watery clouds across the sky.

No more the ample crops are green;
  The fields are waving wide and far;
The sickle and the scythe are keen;
  'Tis harvest time you Russian Czar!

O chooser of life's humble way!
  In peasant garb I see thee now:
God's prophet of an equal day!
  Ignoring thrones, to thee I bow.

Some deem this world a pleasure bower;
  They dance and feast and idle here;
Through every wasted, worthless hour
  How doth their manhood mean appear!

But folly, pettiness and pride,
  Thou leavest to the fools behind:
Thine is the vision deep and wide;
  The reach, the grasp of sage's mind

Holding to common, and to king,
  The measure of their work and word,
And reckoning title as a thing
  That adds no statue to a lord.

Though mine and dungeon claim the brave,
  The banished who come not again,
And white Siberia hides the grave
  Of patriots worn by toil and chain;

Though bursts the bomb, and falls the knout,
  And terror stalks the land within,
And Revolution makes her shout,
  And Anarchy is Murder's twin,

And human hands are red with gore,
  And men thrust each at other's heart;
Love's golden lesson, taught of yore,
  Thy message is, thy peaceful part.

Not direst foes of Russia band
  Without her realm; she hath her shame
Of foes within, her rulers grand,
  Her despots deaf to Mercy's claim.

She hath her hope, thine orb doth burn;
  Its earthward shining shews afar;
Unto that promise-beam I turn
  As once the Magi to their star.

Live on the simple, chosen way!
  Thy garb doth serve the purple's end:
God's prophet of an equal day!
  Ignoring thrones, to thee I bend.

SERENADE

A RAY of heaven from the cloud's one rift!
A single ray of all the countless bright!
Let heaven be nearer as mine eyes I lift!
Beam down dear stars from yonder casement's height!

Say Marion! why are your eyes
A starlight tender and unhid?
Dost know their giving shames the skies
Whose look is quenched by cloudy lid?

Say Marion! how came the flush
Upon your cheek of finished day?
Because that Nature dipped her brush
In hues which warm the western way?

Say Marion! why should your hair
Refuse the kissing of the sun?
Because the night doth day forswear,
And night and your dark crown are one?

Say Marion! what made your lips
All sweeter than the leafy red
Where soon the honey-seeker sips?
Were honey-dews upon them shed?

Say Marion! is not your breath
The balm of night-besprinkled bowers?
Or were they crushed in willing death,
For you alone, the loving flowers?

Say Marion! what tuned your voice?
The wind that stirs the twilight sea?
A thousand tiny waves rejoice,
Or is your laughter blown to me?

Say Marion! from what rich tide
  Did Cynthia bring; from what famed south
The pearly gift that half will hide
  When smiles make dimple of your mouth?

Say Marion! the fairest why
  When beauties of the night abound?
Because the moon did ne'er espy
  A fairer in her nightly round?

AT THE DOOR OF THE LODGE

AT the door of an Odd Fellow's lodge may you pause,
Yes pause and reflect ere you sound an alarm!
Consider, my brother, our purpose, our laws,
And question your heart in a moment of calm.

At the door of an Odd Fellow's lodge do you know
That never the world o'er its threshold has passed?
The world still dividing the high from the low,
And placing us all from the first to the last.

At the door of an Odd Fellow's lodge can you say,
"The widow I succor, the orphan befriend;
I watch by the bedside, I walk in the way
The mourners have chosen when cometh the end?"

At the door of an Odd Fellow's lodge canst forget
Man's frame is but mortal and sinks to the tomb;
His spirit, all purged of the earthy, shall yet
Be springing to vigor and beauty of bloom?

At the door of an Odd Fellow's lodge have you joy
Because of a compact whose binding you own?
The pledge of the prince to the poor shepherd boy;
The word of the lad which he kept on the throne.

At the door of an Odd Fellow's lodge do you see
The Jericho road and the wrongs that befall?
A stranger lies bleeding, sore wounded is he!
You pause, or you pass, or you turn at his call.

To the door of an Odd Fellow's lodge have you brought
The strifes that embitter, the causes of pain?
Then back from the portal that Friendship has wrought,
And Love has upholden, and Truth shall maintain!

In the halls of the lodge and the order we meet,
A conclave of mercy to bless the wide land:
Heaven grant to our council her concord complete!
Let rule the high law of the heart and the hand.

From the shrine of our temple depart we this hour;
A brother is waiting the solace we bear:
The world, reaching ever for riches and power,
Regards not our labor, nor lightens our care.

THE COTTER

HOW sweet our simple cottage! 'Neath this roof is heart content,
This roof so quaintly fashioned: here our peaceful lives are blent.
These walls hold memories crowding, pictures each in golden frame;
Their likeness faileth never in the light that love doth flame.

Till springtime sears to autumn, in our close the dear old flowers;
The pink and honeysuckle fill with balm the dewy hours;
Unfolds the morning-glory quick to catch the foremost ray;
The yellow roses ripen, and the hollyhocks are gay.

The pea doth climb and blossom, and uptwines the scarlet bean;
Nasturtiums half are hidden in a maze of tangled green;
The marigold is burning, every summer kindled new;
On slender stem the larkspur lifts a dainty sky of blue.

The fevered World is calling, but we keep the quiet way
That to our latch was leading fifty years ago to-day.
The paths we long have chosen, lead us from the dusty road
Where men will travel weary, weighted each with useless load

That to the soul is sorer than the bruising of the feet,
And all the aches of body to the worldlings one may meet

Where not a blade upspringeth though the grasses fill the field,
And where no wayside blossom giveth of its fragrant yield.

These be the World's devoted, and they seek that temple place
Wherein she doeth worship prostrate even on her face.
The World falls down to Mammon, "Grant us spoil without the shame!
The art that bends men to us, and the prestage of a name!

"The envied station give us, and soft flattery for the ear;
The creatures on us fawning, each with face of hope or fear
Should smiling or should frowning half reveal our present mind!"
The World falls down to Mammon, blindest leader of the blind.

The great, they laud "the modern;" in their mouths how grand it rings!
"Thou fool!" is in their answer should I praise the former things.
Are such the great? I question. By what standard prove they so
Who meet not love's sweet measure fixed by Him of long ago?

With loveless words they feed them though men hunger for the right;
A loveless world would loosen from the hand that guides its flight.
The cotter's door is open; enter, who love's law would learn!
The fool shall be your teacher, and to wisdom ye shall turn!

THE SOLILOQUY OF AGE

FULL many a mate my childhood knew
Whose life within my morning grew;
The garden of my heart was fair,
And hope and promise budded there.

My springtime saw no fading leaf,
Nor taught me knowledge of the grief
That all things fail, and to the day
Of mellow ripeness comes decay.

Alas, the flower, death-fated soon,
Before the promise of the June!
Alas, the many, later gone,
Whose going left my garden lorn

Save that some few did these outlast!
But, when the reaping-time was past,
Myself remained whom Winter finds,
And dreary snows and mournful winds.

I, who have tested every hour
Wherewith this life doth me endower;
I, who have spanned the changeful years,
And joyed their joys, and wept their tears,

Well know it sorrowful to be
First parter from Love's company;
Well know it sadder yet to stand
The lonely relic of her band.

Ah, could my choosing order so,
Amidst my autumn I would go!
The mother's word, that bids me rest,
Wise Nature's timely, sweet request.

SEA PICTURES

WHITE HEAD

CASCO BAY

PERHAPS upon the cliff a giant's hand
Did carve, with careless workmanship and crude,
His own rough visage shapen in the mood
Of Nature ere the human well was planned.
Perhaps a strengthful Titan huge, did stand
The sheer rock firmly in the lifting sea
That to the profiled face eternally
Striveth in vain. The lofty-risen land
Now come to sudden dizzy end, we gaze
Down, down upon the tallest ships that glide,
The helped or hindered by the wind and tide,
Or back we shudder from the dreadful brink,
Or look to the horizon's purple haze
Wherein the ocean voyagers rise and sink.

OUTER GREEN ISLAND

CASCO BAY

WHEN southward sweeping from the Polar sea,
With front resistless, huge, the frozen wave
Had delved and fashioned midst these waters, save
Where, unconfined, the miles of ocean be,
Enduring shape was given unto thee
Thou lone and outmost of the sister isles;
Thou rocky fastness where the storm-wind piles
In vain the hurling billows! 'Neath thy lee
I take, as now we glide, the rower's turn
Beside this bluff, in mimic war a targe
Long battered by the cannon's ponderous charge.
Impregnable! what bursting shell, what ball
Can humble to the flood thy barrier stern,
Or breach a passage through thy fending wall?

SEA CASTINGS

THOU wee upcasting that the deeps refuse!
Bare lodging, frail indeed, of life more frail!
Death's tiny triumph when the sense did fail
That made thee more than sad sea-murmurs choose,
Or echoed plaints of lonely, mermaid muse!
This giant hull, tossed near thee, lifted sail
Above thy caverned rest, and braved the gale,
Nor knew that strong would lack what weak did loose.

To this bare shore ye strangers twain were lead;
The thoughtless and the purposing are here.
O shell! O ship! that find one common bed;
One sandy hiding! lo, not any tear
Proveth ye differ! and the sea will spurn
Its freight of ruin at the tide's return.

SEA LIMIT

THOU hast no higher reach; thy fury gains
But this rock limit firm against thy rage
As when the watery host did newly wage
Primeval, thunderous war. Not now refrains
The triumph-seeking wave. No whit attains
To-morrow's proudest sea. Has not God's hand
Digged every fathom, and made firm the land?
Established by His fiat, order reigns.

Along the beach continual billows die.
Along the marge the rimming sands are dry.
The fountained flood no more shall overflow,
Nor riftless clouds augment the drowning swell.
The finished storm outspreads the eastern bow
As other promise lights the west. All's well!

SEA CALM

THY Maker's hand is on thee! therefore now
This calm, this quelling of thy yesterday.
Well doth that spirit of unrest obey
Which tore thy bosom ere the waves did bow.
The wild portentous rack far-flying, how
The sun delighteth in the shadow play
Wherefrom he hideth should the skies be grey!
Thy Maker's hand is on thee! Calm the brow
Of night new-risen at the day's decline.
Soft peace of waters! Moon-enamoured sea!
Mild ripples mixing with the yellow shine!
Thy breast so fickle, fair, may loath at dawn
What sweet thou wooest, and the olden scorn
Of loving rave through all the rise of thee.

SEA DEATH

IN death lies cradled on a bosom cold
The life which by its fountains once was fed.
The foamy waves make pillow for her head
Whose mother arms. powerless to shield, enfold
Her own sweet beauty shaped in tiny mould.
Thou hast no kiss but of the bitter brine;
No lullaby soft babe; no "hush thee mine!"
No rocking save as thou art shoreward rolled
Unto this grief of eyes that here behold.
Fond mother; where is he who at the last,
Despairing. bound thee to this broken mast,
And with feigned cheer would dry the farewell tear?
Then answered hoarse the almost pitying sea,
"Wreck-sundered, but death-joined, these fated three!"

SEA WINGS

IN far adventure from the hidden shore,
There perches nigh our full and straining sails
A creature spent with winging. Here she fails
Though half her airy passage lies before.
But for these planks her flight had met the floor
Staying no bird save such as bravely bears
Our wealth of life and hope, our weight of cares,
And buoys one that never burden bore.

If now the sea-disaster's deadly shock,
The dreaded prow that would our ruin seek;
If now the dooming reef, the surfs that rock
And wreck and sink us; yonder bird will know
And, soaring, safely overlook the woe
That finds the mighty and forgets the weak.

SEA THOUGHTS

A WAVE washed mountain nigh whose caverned base
Tough oars are bending, or the sails are set.
A valley green to where the sands are wet
Till ebb-tide floats the fisher from his place
Hard by the white beach idling. Back a space,
Within the vale, the hamlet nestles, yet
Unasking of the world. Can I forget
That spot, my home? Looking with wistful face
Far north, I daily count each travelled mile
That lead me from a cot, and from the smile
Of wifely love. In grassy lane and walk
An infant toddles. Ah his baby talk!
There trips a laughing child whose artless tongue
Hath sweetness more than sea-maid ever sung.

SEA BURIAL

IN Ocean's treasury our tears we cast,
  This body to his unsurrendering keep;
Let him deliver to the deepest deep,
Death's all unbuoyed burden; of the past
This poor reminder. While the sea shall last,
  Wave-sundered from life's turmoil lies the heart
  That bore with praise or blame its daily part,
And did behind its inmost door shut fast
  The man that palm to palm hath never known,
    Nor confidence unbarred, nor lip to lip
  Lured forth; the man to all save God alone
      Enigma; riddle of this world's strange sphere.
    Behold, how little lighter moves our ship
      Yet laden with such hearts assembled here!

THE SEA HERMIT

A SHORE of sudden fall, and shelving sand;
A lonely shore no keel has visited!
A grove that spreads till bare the cliffs upstand;
A lonely grove to which my choice is wed!
An isle apart for calm philosophy;
An isle, my choosing, where the world doth cease!
The tides bear message from the level sea;
The tides that whisper, and whose word is peace.
Above my roof a forest roof is high;
Its green the Autumn never ripened yet.
My rest the busy voyager hurries by;
The world forgets me!—so would I forget,
And, to the limit of the coursing stars,
Uplift my spirit from its olden bars!

THE SEA STAR

BENEATH the day's inverted dome I saw,
In calm transparency of waters deep,
A star ungoverned by the orbit law
Of stars that through the airy ocean sweep.
And much I wondered at the starry spires
Of that submerged and dull and downward thing
Touched not with flaming of the lofty fires;
Mere sense devoid of aspirations wing.
Yet, poor belier of thy pattern bright;
If e'er thy scorner, self-condemned am I
God-fashioned image even of the light
That darkens in a heart which looks not high
Because to Earth and earthly soiling led,
As thou, unto the slimy ocean bed.

THE SEAMAN

I LOVE it not, the smooth and rigid earth!
I choose the floods now hollow and now high,
The salty gales; of storms the boistrous mirth,
And every terror to the landsman's eye.
When tempests break I tread the foamy deck,
Or climb to reef the wild, rebellious sails.
In duty waiting but my captain's beck,
I shame the laggard and the heart that quails.
Where rival oceans clash, the Horn we round,
Or else the Dutchman's failure safely pass.
We find those haunts where perils huge abound;
Impatient wait where torrid seas are glass.
The deeps have weaned me from my mother shore;
The waves, the waves estrange me more and more.

SEA MISTS

AFAR the haven; here the misty wall
Prow-cloven as we cleave the unknown sea.
Before us guessing; good or ill must fall;
Engirt with mystery, what end shall be?
What end shall be? At once my trust replies;
"Impatient heart, the heavenly purpose wait!
Though each to-morrow veileth from thine eyes,
That morrow seals not yet thy human fate.
As for this voyaging, let the secret hide;
God reigns! His rule is wisdom to the last.
If better so, thou shalt to safety ride;
Or else thy bark upon the reef is cast.
Come port or wreck, strike not the daring sail
Though day be darkened and the starlight fail!"

THE SEA WAIF

THOU whom the deeps deny a timely grave!
Mere pleasure of the tides and risen blast!
Dread menace of the main! thine ample past
Belied by ruin; all thy purpose brave,
Thy life-long purpose, by this drifting save
When tropic calms do bind thee midst the vast
Immeasurable plain! From thy proud mast
The banner of a nation proud did wave
Ere yet the sad befalling that I see.
The treaders of thy deck, where sleep they now?
Thy helm's good master, sleeping where is he?
How long, thou dreadful teller of their fate,
Will Death, thy pilot, here remorseless wait
To doom in night the unsuspecting prow?

SEA MUSIC

I HAVE no pleasure in thy notes to-day;
Their love-repining cloys, O melting lute!
Nor grief, nor any sweet complain, doth suit
A sterner mood that masters now. Away
Weak, languid sorrow! I must needs obey
The music of the surges, never mute,
Bidding me listen where the cliffs dispute
The thunder-mouthed that ill can brook delay.

Ocean, cathedraled 'neath the roofing sky!
Thine anthem, ancient as the choiring stars,
Their teacher taught thee. With thy themes can vie
What song of earth? In vain thou schoolest man;
Thy measures overwhelm the narrow bars
Wherein he prisons promptings from on high.

SEA TIDES

THE moon has chained you to her conquering car
Through every wheeling of her endless round;
The herald winds announce you from afar;
The waxing billows utter graver sound.
As if the pageant of a king, onrides
The stately triumph never yet your own;
The empty beach is all athirst O tides!
The sands await the kiss of you alone.
Ye brought this morn, what cheer across the main?
"O joy! we brought a goodly ship to shore."
Ye bring this eve, what pleasure or what pain?
"O grief! a better ship we bring no more.
'Tis thus our renderings diverse must be
While yonder tyrant drags us through the sea."

SEA-TREASURE

WHAT chastened beauty thy rough bosom hides!
A beauty pure as if from Heaven's sea
Dropped, Ocean, to the tranquil heart of thee.
A wealth defended by the Indian tides,
A richness meanly cased, that beauty bides
Where oozy waters gloom eternally.
But Greed hath eyes; despoiling hands hath he
Who drags the deep and digs the mountain sides.

Soft, circling iris; halo of the moon!
Sweet melting of the rainbow's latest light!
Pearl-tinted beam that, from the portaled height
Of Paradise, finds shunning of the noon!
Because the lofty would be decked with theft
Thou, treasuring ocean, art of these bereft.

THE SEA FIRE

'TIS flaring wild, the flame, the sailor's dread,
The scourge that drives him unto desperate shift!
In fragile shell must he at mercy drift
Even of the many-mooded sea. Blood-red
The sky, while on the wave what seems bloodshed;
And, just without the ruddy circle's rim,
The homeless wait with wistful eyes and dim;
Their mouths are mute with thousand thoughts unsaid.

Insatiate demon throats and tongues of fire!
The sails, the cordage, and the masts of pine —
Than which no far-seen forest tops were higher —
These are your prey as to the ocean-line
Ye triumph o'er the driven watchers yon
Whose hearts are molten in the midnight pyre.

THE SEA MOON

LINGER O moon! thy parting yet delay!
Wouldst shun these tides? Wouldst flee this vaulted night
Whereof thy circle is the chiefest light?
Linger O moon! let one unsunken ray
Behold the sea-born morrow on its way.
Should then thy silver fail before the sun,
A beauty passeth — its sweet use being done —
As flower that falls unto her leaves' decay.

Wave-risen moon, where westward waves upswell
Almost thou hidest; Changer, thou hast found
O'er other floods a fairer-seeming rise.
Depart O fickle! know not in thy round
Such tender wooing and such sad farewell.
Depart thou won of other seas and skies!

THE SEA FIGHT

THERE is no thunder in yon quiet cloud,
Nor leaps the lightning from its peaceful white
Which now the morning rims with golden light.
Humbled is ocean; every crest is bowed;
Low sigh the winds as if not ever loud.
Why then the tumult thrilling with affright
The venturous sea-bird in his wandering flight?
Offending man! as ever thou art proud,
The triumph craving and the prize of arms.
Ruthless war-bringer, heedless of its harms!
The wronged world weepeth. On this Sabbath hush
Thou breakest with the battle's volleyed din,
The powder smoke, the cannon flame, the crush
Of deadly prows, that man 'gainst man may win.

SEA DEEPS

UNNUMBERED fathoms; far-downreaching miles
Wherein the sailor falleth to his rest,
Perchance a peak beneath yon foamy crest,
A valley where the furrowed ocean piles!
What high-achieving continents and isles
Abysmal humbling find let time attest
When stern reversal drowns the present best,
And lifts Lemuria and Atlantis whiles
The waters fret their newly-ordered bound,
And Earth keen-shudders through her bulky round,
And Hope is prone amidst her countless dead.
Then Hope shall quicken in an older grave,
And long shall flourish, where these billows spread,
What God has ordered and mankind doth crave.

SEA LONELINESS

O FOR a sail upon the circling verge!
A single sail, thou bare and lonely sea!
From out the curving leagues, deep-hid from me,
Lift on the wave, that winds may hither urge,
My chief and dearest wish. Yonder, where merge
The sky and waters, let a friend appear;
Even that messmate who, far, far from here,
Saw ocean rampant, and the baffled surge
Fall from the bulwarks of his land and mine.
A guide, a warning, there did always burn
The cliff-set beacon on our home return.
My rugged islands, and you tides between;
Used to the life of your most varied scene,
I weary of this dull and changeless brine.

SEAMAN'S JOYS

TO feel the vital sea beneath my feet,
Its bosom stirring with a strange unrest;
To know its spirit in my eager breast
Is joy; and so to watch the bulging sheet
That bears us by the friendly bark we greet.
To let from stem to stern the rollers test
Our vessel, scathless on the mighty crest,
Or in the tempest's trough, is wildly sweet.

O joy of freedom when the land is far!
The parcelled land where petty limits be.
Depart dim shores; your almost faded line!
Let bounderies melt into the boundless, ah
The boundless! that which widening in me,
Strains fetter and bends out its prison bar.

THE SIREN

MY soul distrusts the sweetness that I hear,
The notes that on my half-awaking swell:
What if a purpose in their pleasing dwell
At discord with the lulling of mine ear?
No honest peril will the sailor fear,
But danger siren, and dissembling well;
The voice of heaven and the art of hell;
The night wind's burden as our course we steer.

Choose helmsman! life and death are in thy wheel.
An instant chooser, wisely, wholly turn!
Look not, nor listen! Let thy heart of steel
Disdain that ever it did weakly yearn
Toward beauty, and her soft, enchantress charm.
Choose helmsman! life and death are in thy wheel.

THE MERMAID

THE hollowed ocean is the mermaid's bower;
Caressing, cool, it softly cradles there
Her wave-born beauty; and the foam's white flower
Weaveth its blossom in her plenteous hair.
Upon her lips a love note lingers wierd
But sweet as woman's tenderest accents are.
No sea-harp tempts a siren's fingers; feared
Was never yet that gentle voice afar.
Ensnaring not, thou maiden of the deep,
In this wide safety long renew thine art
Keyed to a secret which lone caverns keep,
And touched with something in the human heart
That, sólace-wearied, wakes an olden pain
To pour in music all its tears again.

THE BELL BUOY

HOW solemn from the sea, how drear and lone,
As for some burial, thy notes O bell!
Hadst thou a human tongue wherewith to tell
What oft the risen waves around thee moan,
I'd know who 'neath thy ceaseless monotone
Await the final trumpet's mighty swell.
Toll on the thing thy telling hideth well!
Toll on the riddle by the salt winds blown!
One day a keener ear may wholly learn
The moving tragedy that fills thy theme
From morn till even, and from thence till burn
The eastward waters in the rising beam.
Toll on that never nursed a silent grief!
Toll on! Let sorrow have its sad relief.

THE FISHERS

ALL night the waters mocked their humble task
Whose nets are empty though the day is high.
Unknown as yet is one whereof they ask,
"Who standeth yonder on the shores hard by?"
Who standeth yonder! 'tis the Master; he
That claims a fisher even from his ship.
Thy net in more than Galilean sea
Shall strain with plenty: meanwhile deeper dip,
Having launched O Simon; to the deeper wave.
The draught is heavy so the meshes break;
Summon the others that the catch ye save!
Henceforth, as now, but for the whole world's sake,
Fisher of men; in fellowship with thee
Are joined the chosen sons of Zebedee.

THE TYPHOON

OUR bark that bore us to the Indian wave,
Our oak-ribbed beauty, as a puny boat
Is tossed by tempests, and the hour is grave.
God willeth! On this mountainous foam we float,
Or in these dreadful hollows wholly fail.
Calm was the even; round us lay the sea
Unwrinkled silver in the moonbeam pale.
Bright, golden bright, to-morrow's dawn shall be;
But if on bosoms cold the dark floods weigh,
What counts it that the peril all is past?
How can the sailor hail the cheering day
If mute despair did seal his lips at last,
And, midst the vortex whirl, in hopeless plight,
The ship was broken in the dooming night?

THE LIFE BOAT

AS bird set free, that takes her instant flight,
She parteth from the tempest-beaten shores.
Mounting the foam, how frail a thing she soars
With whom the furies of the hour make light!
Though lost in darkness of the wildering night,
God grant her passage through the thick of harm;
God guide her voyaging as through seas of calm.
A cry! the prisoned yonder in their plight
Glimpse her brave nearing to the doomèd hull.
How each, who held himself but lost, awakes
From that mute daze with which despair makes dull!
An answering cheer from out the life-boat breaks;
And now the battling oars their deed have done;
Yet must they battle till the sands be won.

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THE ATOLL

ROUGH billows break upon the barrier reef,
But here, within the circling wall is calm,
And, midst the clear lagoon, a tropic charm,
A dainty isle that Ocean, watery thief,
Has narrowed till its term of years is brief.
The verdant shore o'erhanging, spreads a palm
Whose graceful tree must meet the growing harm
As did its fellows of the past. O grief
That this lone rest of migratory bird,
This hint of Eden ere was barred her gate,
This spot whose branching green was never stirred
By the chill season's breath, must shortly be
O'ertaken by a doom insatiate,
And sunk from sight and human memory!

THE DELUGE

WRATH of thunder and the flame descending!
Wrath of rain and tempest-darkened days!
Wrath of torrents every barrier rending!
Wrath of ocean lifted from its ways!

Woe of waters the deep valleys hiding!
Woe of floods upon the peopled plain!
Woe of billows not a ship is riding!
Woe accruing since the crime of Cain!

Doom upon the loosened streams downrushing!
Doom that in wide rivers rolls its weight!
Doom a-roar, all save its own voice hushing!
Doom that passeth bolt and bar and gate!

Death that metes to every deed its measure!
Death that sweepeth riot from his halls!
Death that chokes the drunken voice of pleasure!
Death that breaketh over palace walls!

Benders unto silver gods and golden;
Worshippers of brass and wood and stone;
Kneelers never to the God of olden;
Rulers blind upon a godless throne;

Covetous ones in lonely ways of plunder;
Strikers down where innocence is slain;
Strainers of Love's binding chord asunder,
Wrath enwraps you in the bands of pain!

Men of might, how pitiful your striving!
Wave on wave subdues the stubborn breast.
Men of stature, on the mountain's driving,
Deluge triumphs to the cloudy crest.

One vain hope, a single rock of weeping;
  Hell around, the shoreless gulf below;
Eyes of horror and the sure upcreeping;
  Doom hoarse-muttered from the tides that grow.

Doth it prove that so the creature dieth
  Life and seed from off the stricken land?
Doth it prove that Earth the mother lieth
  Broken by the iron law's demand?

Lo, a marvel to the deep is bidden;
  Angel-guarded, for no guide avails,
O'er the kingdoms of the world, wave-hidden,
  She the bearer of a promise sails.

God decreeth and the waters hearken;
  Down they dwindle to their former bound;
Groves are leafing and the forests darken;
  Every freshness of the spring is round.

Green and tender to the cattle roaming,
  Spread the fields whereto the shepherds lead.
Seasons ripen and the wine-vat, foaming,
  Yields not sadness but a joy indeed.

Shem is lord, but Ham must bend to serving;
  Japheth never shall a bondsman be;
Men must harvest to their full deserving
  Though no mandate lifts the drowning sea.